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The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

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EDITORIAL

MAN'S place is obviously in the home. There is his true sphere, rather than the great world of affairs, of which he is making such a mess that even Big Executives are beginning to have doubts of the future and to gaze wistfully at R. F. C. loans. Woman, on the other hand, has been notoriously bored by domestic life and has consistently refused to take an intelligent interest in it. She has never invented a labor-saving device to lighten the burden of household work. After centuries of unwilling slavery in the kitchen she has attained no eminence in that department. Men are still the best cooks, as they are the best dressmakers and the best interior decorators. The hand that has hitherto been rocking the cradle should rule the world, while the hands that have rocked the world should be more usefully active in the home.

The delight which women take in bossing others, their incomparable rudeness and ruthlessness toward those they deem inferiors, their talent for butting into other people's affairs, the hours they joyfully spend in snooping and gossiping—all these outstanding feminine characteristics clearly indicate an immense capacity for running the affairs of city, state and nation. What is wasted over bridge and backgammon tables, in rockers on front and back porches, might well be employed on the rostrum, the bench and the floor of Congress. Instead of bullying a couple of servants or a charwoman, women would have whole communities at their beck and call. Instead of hunting bargains in department stores, they could save money for the Treasury, secure bargains for taxpayers. In public service they would find an outlet for that restlessness which the psychologists deplore in the modern woman.

Left to their own devices in the home, men might have time to develop their true qualities, their real charm as dreamers and idealists, supplying the decorative element in life. Their practical ease in domestic matters would enable them to despatch in a quarter of the time the tasks over which women customarily waste more than half the day. Then they would be free to follow the profounder impulses of their being, to loaf and invite their souls, to bestow upon their bodies the care for beauty without which the mind cannot function healthily. A *mens sana in corpore sano*, so to speak, in every home. They would devote to the culture of the abdomen the hours pathetically consecrated to the pursuit of impermanent facials and permanently impermanent waves. Instead of foregathering to exchange scandal, they would meet at lunch to exchange ideas; cerebral sparks would fly instead of dice on the backgammon board.

As evening fell, men would be waiting at home, bright and cheerful, to receive the wage-earner and to console her for the sordid cares and worries of the day's routine. While she has been considering bus franchises or ordering the eviction of jobless workers, they will have dreamed some grandiose dream, have drafted their scheme for the millenium. Or perhaps they will shyly produce the sonnet they have written, the sonata they have composed, the dresses they have designed, the pictures they have painted. Left to themselves, men are always creative in some field or other. It is hard to conceive of men not getting more out of the leisure which this new division of the world's work implies than women have got out of the existing order. Probably because the latter have been wrongly endowed with leisure they do not know how to use and wrongfully cut off from activities which they secretly desire. They could hardly make a greater muddle than men have made, and all the evidence shows that men have real creative genius in those very matters which are supposed to be the special field of women.

Women's consistent failure throughout history to display an intelligent, creative interest in allegedly feminine occupations must be taken as evidence of profound indifference. That evidence is strengthened by the fact that on such occasions as they have been vested with full authority in positions usually occupied by men, they have frequently been superior and always equal to them. Even Pope Joan acquitted herself in the most masculine of all jobs with distinction. Catherine the Great and Elizabeth command more respect than a Herbert Hoover or a Poincaré. Man's place is surely in the home.

THE WORST BOOK OF THE MONTH

AMERICANS ABROAD. An Anthology.
Edited by Peter Neagoe.
6¼ x 9½. pp. xi + 475. $2.50
The Hague: The Servire Press.

CAN JOURNALISM BE RESTORED?

by IVOR BROWN

TO some, the question will seem so obviously to expect the answer "No" that it deserves no discussion; to others it may appear to be based on the false assumption that journalism once had a dignity and merit from which it could descend. It might, in that case, be improved; it could not be restored.

My experience of American journalism is too slight and casual to allow me any wide statements, but I believe that the obvious trend of English journalism, which is downward, is paralleled in the United States. The readers who want a full and intelligent description or discussion in their newspapers continually dwindle. They want or will at least accept the quick view, pictures, headlines, prejudice, hysteria, not necessarily because they are themselves hysterical cretins, but because they are intensely bored with solemn discussions about the doings of half-wits. It is not so much the reader who has mentally collapsed. It is the economist, the politician, the rulers of the world who have tumbled into the tabloid area. Thus the news is so monotonously absurd as to defeat serious treatment. The serious reader is frustrated by the idiocy of the topic. Who on earth wants to go on reading learned leading articles about the European Situation? The International Circus, which has been on a tour of the spas and capitals of Europe since 1919 with intervals of prolonged sessions at Geneva, is still on the road. Its French ringmaster still cracks the whip. Its drolls still wearisomely caper. It may still be possible for journalism to consider seriously the relative merits of this wire-act and that barrel-turn. But are the educated readers to be blamed for ceasing to read and preferring the derisive cartoon, whose swift, cynical values are in tune with their own despair?

The same is increasingly true of domestic politics in America and elsewhere. The game simply will not stand intelligent treatment. It is possible for the scribe laboriously to explain why this gang is less noxious than that gang and even to unfurl all the old bunting of political leader-writing: the grave national necessity, the paramount importance, the time of testing, and the one sure shield. Or he may even try to write decently. But readers of the most modest sagacity know that the rumpus is better summed up in a jest or a caricature. The restoration of political journalism depends on the restoration of politics, just as any other worker's craft is conditioned by its material. You cannot have shoemakers without leather. Consider the plight of a reasonable wage-earner employed to write day by day about the argle-bargle of a Disarmament Conference. Suppose he does take the proceedings seriously; how many readers will?

Another reason for the downward slide of journalism and for the loss of its always rather slight hold on the status of learned profession, is the complete failure of national education to educate a nation. In England we have had sixty years of compulsory instruction in reading and writing and the liberal-minded optimists have continually said to themselves, "The time will come. A democracy, enlightened as well as enfranchised, must arise in full flower of political beneficence and æsthetic cultivation." But nothing of the sort has occurred and in England there are probably fewer serious readers among the manual workers than ever before. The poor despise what they can get for nothing, and that includes education. When the exceptional members of the proletariat struggled to buy some education for themselves and their children, they thought about it and prized it and liked to be approached as though they were specimens of *homo*

(*Continued on Page 4, Col. 2*)

Definition—Radical: one who prefers the Left Wing. Conservative: one who prefers the white meat.

DOES HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF?

by VAN WYCK BROOKS

DOES history repeat itself? Hear the words of Leopardi on his native town: "As to Recanati," he writes to one of his friends, "I answer that I will leave it, escape from it, hurry away from it, as soon as ever I can. But when can I? That is what I cannot tell you. Meanwhile, be assured that my intention is not to stay here, where I see no one beyond our household, and where I should die of frenzy, of life-weariness, of hypochondria, if one could die of these ills. . . . It is all very well to say: Plutarch and Alfieri loved Charonea and Asti. Loved them and left them. In this fashion I also will love my native place when I am far away from it. Here literature is a world unknown. The names of Parini, Alfieri, Monti, and of Tasso and Ariosto, and all the others, need a commentary." Are these the words of an Italian poet? Or of one of our own poets of the present time regarding the Winesburg of his infancy?

HISTORIETTE OF AN EPISODE IN THE ART LIFE OF AMERICA

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

SEVERAL years ago the Rockefeller family, its mind momentarily turning from gasoline and the Baptist church to higher things, discovered itself bemused by what it embraced as a heady æsthetic idea. In the very centre of the city of New York, it would build a city within a city, silver and golden and white with marble in the sun, wherein all the fine arts might find a home and all the people of New York, rich and poor, might find and sniff, to the improvement of their immortal souls, the purple steams of beauty. Enkindled over this monument to its own cruelly overlooked deep spirituality, the Rockefeller family announced, not without a natural pride, that it would contribute its full share of $250,000,000 to the project—and soon a great blasting and digging and hammering sounded on the metropolitan air.

Gradually, two proud edifices, the first of the self-contributed testimonials to the fundamental idealism of the Rockefeller psyche, rose into the heavens, edifices dazzling as the mythical palaces of fabled rajahs, flashing by day their glistening steel and stone against the pale skies and by night their varicolored electrical diamond-bursts against the humbled stars and moon. The taller of these edifices cost $7,000,000, the smaller—large enough, nathless, to contain the entire population of many a substantial American hamlet—a little less than that. Both, it was promulgated, were to be devoted, in behalf of the connoisseurs of New York, from the Battery to the Bronx, to a cultivation of the nobler cultures. Two hundred thousand tons of earth were excavated to make way for the edifices' foundations. Over 11,000 tons of steel, 9,600 tons of brick, went into their massive bodies. The great stage of the larger edifice was built 144 feet wide, 80 feet deep, with, before it, an elevator orchestra pit for a symphony orchestra of more than a hundred. Great organs were installed on either side of the proscenium. A triple-decked stage elevator, with a turn-table that would revolve while the elevator was in use, was to permit the setting of three scenes simultaneously. The auditorium would house 6,200 art-lovers; the auditorium of the second edifice, 3,700.

Painters were summoned to embellish the walls with murals "picturing the upward march of mankind toward the golden mountain where dwells the Author of Life." Sculptors were haled to hew statues to beautify further the $1,000,000 golden staircase. The silvering of the 1,582 waterclosets, entrusted to the foremost interior decorators of the nation, alone cost $723,850, exclusive of the phosphorescent jade *papier de toilette* holders, designed by exclusive Fifth Avenue jewelers, which cost $83,400. Ceilings were adorned with mythological figures in bas-relief by Chambellan and Meldarelli; tremendous three-tiered chrysolite chandeliers, weighing six tons, burning 104,000 watts of electricity, and costing $45,720 each, were suspended from the mythological figures' toes; and in the 164 women's rest rooms were placed illuminated Amelia Earhart murals, done on glass by Maurice Heaton, to commemorate her Atlantic flight. In one of the larger of the 182 men's smoking rooms, wherein each chair was equipped with a platinum and emerald cigar lighter and bordered by a Nym-

(*Continued on Page 2, Col. 5*)

Count Hermann Keyserling

SOUVENIR

by VERNON C. SHERWIN

"MORNIN' sir. Yes sir, you're right next. Joe don't want nothin'. He's just gassin'. What'll it be this mornin', sir? Shave? Yes sir.

"Joe was just talkin' about that nigger tried to attackt that Jenks girl yesterday. People seems to be pretty sore about it. They tell me he walked right in the back door while the girl was workin' in the kitchen and ast for somethin' to eat. She told him to get out and he made a pass at her and then got scared and run when she begin to holler. Guess he tried to attackt her, all right.

"One of old man Harvey's deputies was in here for a shave early this mornin'. Been out all night lookin' for the nigger but they didn't ketch him yet. He said the dogs picked up the trail at the house all right and follered it into that swamp on the old Hawkins place. Water's up so now they lost the scent in the swamp but old man Harvey says the nigger's still in there some place and he's goin' to starve him out. Must be about two hundred of the boys out there with the sheriff now lookin' for him. Reckon they'll be a little necktie party round here if they ketch him.

"Harvey says he's goin' to see the nigger gets the full protection of the law if they ketch him but I don't reckon the old man will hurt any of the boys by protectin' a nigger if they try to get at him. They ain't no use wastin' money tryin' a nigger anyways. The county's broke now and God knows taxes is high enough. You know what the taxes on my place was last year, Mr. Taylor? Twenty-six dollars and forty cents city taxes and fifty-eight eighty state and county, that's what they was and I ain't been able to raise it yet either. If this here Hoover prosperity holds on much longer, as the feller says, I'll just about lose that place.

"How's that cuttin', Mr. Taylor, all right?"

II.

"You ever see a lynchin', Mr. Taylor? I seen one over in Alabama where I was workin' about ten years ago and it was the damndest thing ever I seen. People come to it from all over the state and a lot of 'em come in from south Georgia to help out. You might remember the case bein' in the courthouse like you are. They was a nigger worked on a farm out from this town where I was barberin' and one mornin' when all the men was workin' out in the fields he come up and walked right in the house just like this nigger done yesterday at old man Jenks'.

"They wasn't nobody in the house but the farmer's wife and I reckon she musta bawled him out for walkin' in the house like that or maybe she just looked good to him, I don't know. Anyways he jumped on her and attackted her right there on the kitchen floor.

"Everybody figgered it was one of the niggers on the place done it 'cause he got scared and run out to the barn and got a shotgun was in the flivver out there and come back and shot her right in the belly. Let her have both barrels right here. And what made it worse she was about six months gone right then.

"Anyways the doctor said she was six months gone when they had the coroner's hearin' but everybody around town knew they hadn't been married but four months. You know how they keep count on young married folks in a little town. Why right now I bet you my wife can say the months of the year faster backwards than she can forwards. I always tell her it ain't none of her business when peoples' kids is born.

"She was countin' up on a certain young couple here in town the other night and I got to cuttin' the fool and told her she was just lucky I was workin' in Montgomery for a year before we got married or our kid mighta been born six months after we got hooked up instead of ten.

"She got so sore at me she wouldn't hardly speak to me all evenin' but I was just kiddin' 'cause I always say these girls that'll let a fellow go all the way may be all right when you're just runnin' around but I sure wouldn't never marry one of 'em. You'd always be wonderin' what she was doin' while you was down town earnin' the grits and bacon.

"Hadn't I better trim that hair up a little this mornin', Mr. Taylor?"

III.

"I was tellin' you about this nigger they lynched over in Alabama.

"Well sir, some of the boys in the field thought they heard a gun go off and then they seen a nigger cuttin' acrost a cotton field like a bat out of hell. They yelled at him but he kep' on runnin' and one of the boys taken out after him but he had too much head-start and he couldn't ketch him.

"When the boy that run after him seen the nigger they had in jail next day he said it was the right nigger all right but some of the other boys said he was so far away they wasn't sure.

"Anyways they all went up to the house to see what was wrong. They started hollerin' soon as they got clost enough but they didn't nobody answer and when they got in the kitchen there laid this feller's wife right in the middle of the floor with her clothes most all tore off and they was blood from hell to breakfast all over the kitchen.

"She was deader'n a door nail right then and one of the boys cranked up the Ford and beat it into town for the sheriff and they got the coroner to go out and view the remains.

"I was shavin' the coroner next day and he told me all her insides was blowed out.

"Me and another one of the boys from the shop went over to the undertakin' parlor next day but the undertaker wouldn't only let us look at her face. Had her all covered up with a sheet from the neck down. I reckon them doctors and undertakers gets to look 'em over pretty close though, specially the undertakers.

"Well sir, the sheriff sent to town and got the dogs and put 'em on the trail but about two miles from the house they pulled up at the edge of a branch and couldn't get no farther. They worked 'em up and down both banks all day and most of the night but they never could pick up the scent again.

"Time word got back to town what had happened just about everybody big enough to tote a gun knocked off work and started in to hunt for the nigger. The sheriff come back to town and got a possy together and some of 'em went back out to the farm to start lookin' from there and the rest of 'em went over in nigger town and started in to search ever shack in the quarters.

"They was a college in the town and they couldn't hold no classes that afternoon 'cause all the college boys was out helpin' look for this nigger.

"They must of been near about a thousand men lookin' for the nigger by sundown and they had ever kind of gun you ever seen from a 22 Owlhead to old army Springfields. Some of 'em that didn't have no guns had pitchforks and some of them college boys was carryin' butt ends sawed off of billiard cues.

"Most of the possy went acrost the railroad tracks to nigger town to look and in a little while the niggers was all so scared that what didn't leave town was locked up inside their shacks and wouldn't come out. When the possy come to a shack that was locked they took a axe and busted down the door and if they was any niggers inside somebody'd punch 'em a little with a pitchfork and start 'em runnin'.

"The sheriff told the boys not to hurt no innocent niggers and if they found the one they was lookin' for to bring him up to the jail safe and sound like he had to on account of him bein' an officer of the law but nobody paid much attention to what he said. When they was goin' through the houses in nigger town if a nigger run some of the boys had shotguns would take a few pot shots at him to speed him up and if one didn't run they'd make him.

"I reckon the boys musta peppered more'n two dozen shines all told that night and if a wench got sassy when they searched her shack they'd just turn her over the bed or a chair and hist up her dress and give her a dose of strap oil. You never heard so much hollern' and bellerin' in your life as they was that night. Couldn't nobody of slept in town even if they had gone to bed but nobody didn't.

"They was one or two of them college boys tried to argy the possy out of shootin' at the niggers that run and they tried to make 'em let the women alone too till finely some of the boys told 'em they better shut up if they didn't want some of the same.

"I worked in two or three college towns in my life and I never been in one yet where they wasn't some of them college boys that was always buttin' in and takin' up for niggers or talkin' Socialist and tryin' to organize mill hands for the bolshevikies or somethin' like that. It's a good thing the legislature got together and made 'em stop teachin' we was all descended from monkeys like some of them damn Yankee perfessers was doin' up at the university.

"My wife wants to send our kid to some Baptist college upstate but I always say I never got past the sixth grade and I got along all right so far. I claim they ain't no better education for a boy than learnin' a good trade and no kid of mine is goin' to waste four years of his time learnin' his granddaddy was a monkey when it says right in the Bible how we all come to be here. Why they tell me some of them perfessers up at the state university is downright infidels.

"Better cut a little off the top this time you think, Mr. Taylor?"

IV.

"How's that? No, the possy couldn't find the nigger in nigger town and after they'd went through ever shack out there some of the boys got sore along toward mornin' 'cause ever shine they ast claimed he didn't know nothin' about it and they set fire to some of the houses.

(*Continued on Page 2, Col. 1.*)

Definition—Technocracy: economic Yoga.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS SERIES
No. 5

Gilbert Frankau, in the (London) *Daily Mail:*

"It is a fact, and perhaps one of the saddest ones of our industrial situation, that the demand for gigolos is not what it used to be."

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SOUVENIR

(*Continued from Page 1, Col. 4*)

"The niggers was so scared by that time most of 'em had high tailed it out of town and left most of their stuff behind 'em. It made one of the biggest fires I ever seen when them shacks got to burnin' good. They was a pretty good breeze and only about half a dozen places wasn't burned by daylight. Feller from Wecoochee told me they could see the red in the sky clean over there and that's more'n ten mile.

"Some of the kids scratchin' round in the ashes next day found some teeth and pieces of bone one place only the sheriff said it wasn't bone and they was probly false teeth some nigger left behind when they all beat it out of there.

"The possy was still huntin' round next mornin' and wasn't doin' no good and neither was the dogs and the sheriff had wired Montgomery and a lot of other places to be on the lookout for this nigger when the damndest thing happened.

"Some of them college boys had went back to school and one of 'em that lived in one of them fraternity houses went down in the kitchen to look for a snack and what did he do but walk right up on this nigger hidin' in the pantry.

"The boys had a nigger butler in the house and this boy called him in and ast him what this nigger was doin' hidin' there like that. The nigger begin to whine and say they was goin' to kill him and not to let them kill him and go on somethin' terrible. The butler was scared to death and claimed this nigger come runnin' in there in the night and said somebody told him the possy was lookin' for him and he hadn't done nothin' and wanted to hide so he let him in the pantry.

"The butler was scared to death they was goin' to ring him in on it and begin to tell everything he knew about it. Some of the other boys come in and the butler told them the nigger had confessed to him but the nigger claimed he was innocent and hadn't said nothin' to nobody about it.

"The butler'd been workin' in this place so long the boys didn't want to get him in no trouble so they didn't take him in but some of 'em got this other nigger in a car and took him down a back street to the jail. The jailer was there and he locked him up in a cell on the second floor and told the boys to get the sheriff quick before anybody in town found out about them havin' the nigger there in jail.

"The sheriff was home restin' up 'cause he'd been out all night lookin' for this nigger but he went right over to the jail to see about it. He got one of the boys in from the farm quick as he could to find out if he could tell if it was the right nigger and this boy said he was pretty sure it was the one they seen runnin' acrost the field 'cause he had on the same kind of overhalls.

"Some o' them college boys tried to make the sheriff put the nigger in a car and get him to Montgomery where they was a bigger jail on account of this jail not bein' very big and they said a mob might come and take the nigger away from him but the sheriff said he knew his business and they wouldn't nobody take the nigger away from him long as he was sheriff. He said he was goin' to stay right there with him and see the law was carried out and the nigger was hung legal.

"Well sir, the boy done the identifyin' must of talked around town 'cause pretty soon a bunch of men begin to congregate around the jail and they was kinda talkin' low like when somebody is sick or in church before the preacher gets up on the roster and in less'n half an hour they musta been five or six hundred men millin' around in the courthouse yard.

"People kep' comin' and they wasn't nobody comin' in the shop so we closed up and went over to see what was goin' to happen.

"Pretty soon after I got there somebody hollered: 'Let's go get him,' and a bunch of the fellers up front started into the jail. They wasn't but one way to get upstairs and that was a little iron staircase just wide enough for one man at a time to go up.

"The sheriff heard 'em comin' and he gets up to the top of the stairs with one of them machine guns and tells the boys he'll kill the first man comes up. The woman's husband that'd been killed was the first man on the stairs and he tells the sheriff if he's bent enough on protectin' a nigger to kill a white man he can just go ahead and shoot but he's comin' up.

"Well sir, he walked right into the muzzle of that machine gun and when the sheriff don't shoot ten or fifteen more of the boys follers after him and they grab holt of the sheriff and taken his guns away from him but they can't find no keys that'll unlock the cells.

"After they looked around for the keys a while one of the boys had a garage went and got a 'cetylene torch and burned the lock off the nigger's cell. The nigger was cringin' back in a corner of the cell whimperin' and whinin' and kinda prayin' and they had to grab holt of him and carry him out 'cause he tried to hold back or was weak in the legs or somethin'.

"They drug him out on the floor and started tryin' to make him confess but he kep' hollerin' he didn't do it and beggin' 'em not to kill him and prayin' all at the same time. Some of the boys let him have it acrost the back with some pieces of trace chain and some of 'em had blacksnakes but they couldn't get no confession out of him.

"Finely they just grabbed him and drug him down the steps and out into the yard and they musta been a couple of thousand people there by that time. A lot of 'em was women and they was screamin': 'Kill him,' 'Lynch the nigger,' and a lot of things like that only some of 'em was talkin' pretty rough.

"Ain't it funny how women'll get about somethin' like that? They was some of them women was the biggest church workers in town and they wouldn't let their kids say 'darn' around the house but they was yellin' words at the top of their lungs they didn't learn in no Sunday School. I always tell my wife the women is meaner'n the men when it comes right down to it and I'd ruther have a man jump on me any time than a mad woman.

"Say, your hair's gettin' pretty gray around the temples ain't it, Mr. Taylor?"

V.

"Well this woman what had been attackt's husband had a-holt of the nigger and he said let him alone 'cause they was goin' to take him out to the farm and make him look at the body and see couldn't they make him confess.

"They loaded him in a car and everybody could get away to go follered them out to the farm and more people was drivin' in all the time. By the time they got out there they musta been more'n a thousand automobiles and ever one of 'em chuck full and kids ridin' on the runnin' boards. They musta been five thousand people out there easy.

"The nigger was so scared by the time they got there he couldn't walk a tall and they drug him in the house where they had the body laid out and held him up so's he had to look right at her and tried to make him confess only he wouldn't say nothin' only God knew he was innocent.

"The woman's mother was there and she was the only one was makin' any noise. She kep' yellin' and clawin' at him and tryin' to make him say he done it but he wouldn't do it.

"They kep' him in there with the body more'n a hour workin' on him ever once in a while with a blacksnake or a piece of chain but they couldn't get nothin' out of him. Pretty soon somebody says: 'He done it all right. Bill seen him runnin' away. Let's burn the son-of-a-bitch.'

"Word went around outside they was goin' to lynch him and everybody begin to talk kinda low so it sounded more like just growlin' than talkin' kinda like when everybody says a prayer after the preacher in church and they don't know the words very well.

"They drug him out in the yard to a big live oak tree and chained him up tight as they could on account of he couldn't stand up and just hung there on the chains under his arms limp-like and prayin' under his breath all the time.

"More people kep' comin' all the time and it kinda made me think of a football game I seen one time with the sun goin' down behind the pine trees and the crowd all standin' quiet watchin' and automobiles parked for more'n mile up and down the road in both directions.

"Well, a bunch of the women got the kindlin' out of the woodbox in the kitchen and some of 'em begin pickin' up dry sticks and branches and pilin' 'em around the nigger's feet. One of the men kicked the wood back a ways and kinda thinned it out a little and says they oughta make it kind of a slow fire and give the nigger plenty of chance to confess. The garage man said he had somethin' better'n that in his car to start with and he went and got a blow torch and give it to the dead woman's mother.

"While they was gettin' the blow torch heated up some of the folks begin to cut the nigger's clothes off for souvenirs and some of 'em wasn't too careful how they cut either. He didn't have nothin' on but a pair of overhalls and a shirt and a pair of shoes and in a little while they had 'em all cut off and he was hangin' there on the chains buck nakid.

"Well sir, when they got this blow torch burnin' good 'n hot the old woman went to work on him to see if she couldn't make the nigger say he done it. She'd been carryin' on and cussin' the nigger and hittin' at him ever once in a while but he'd got so's he wouldn't say nothin' a tall only pray a little sometimes.

"The old woman took this blow torch and begin to yell at the nigger to own up what he done to her girl. She put the flame on one of his bare feet and he let out a beller you coulda heard in the next county and kinda fainted or somethin'. One of the boys th'owed a bucket of water on him and brung him to a little and the old woman went to work on him again.

"She was carryin' on all the time like someone just got religion at a camp meetin'. You know how they get worked up at a camp meetin', kinda moanin' and then hollerin' out loud and callin' on God and then she'd light in and cuss the nigger some more. Well sir, you know she burnt pert near all the meat off'n that nigger's feet and hands both and ever time he'd pass out somebody'd th'ow a bucket of spring water right in his belly and bring him to again.

"The nigger never would say nothin' and just kep' prayin' and tellin' God he was innocent so pretty soon one of the boys hollers out: 'Let him have it right, lady,' and she turned the torch on what got him in trouble and that nigger let out a squawl just like a catamount. I never hear anything come out of a man sounded more like a animal in my life. Well sir, that near about finished him.

"After she'd burnt him there it got to smellin' so bad around some of the folks up clost got kinda sick and had to go out to their cars. Looked to me like more men was sick than women though. They was so mad thinkin' how it mighta been them got attackted they didn't think about gettin' sick, I guess.

"You ever smell burnin' flesh, Mr. Taylor? You never smelled nothin' like it in your life.

"The old woman got so wore out she finely had to give up and one of the boys set fire to the wood they'd piled a round the tree. It was pretty dark by that time but when the fire blazed up a little you could see the nigger grittin' his teeth and lookin' like he was tryin' to pull up again the tree only he couldn't move much on account of he was tied too tight and he couldn't push any with his feet either.

"Everybody stood around for a while watchin' the fire and waitin' to see if the nigger'd say anything and they wasn't no noise a tall after the old woman quieted down some. It was about the quietest best behaved mob I ever seen.

"Pretty soon a puff of wind hit the fire and it blazed up high as the nigger's head. You know that nigger done somethin' then I heard of before but I never seen it till right that minute. He yells out: 'Sweet Jesus, You know I never done it,' and kinda leaned his head forwards into the fire and took a deep breath right in the flame.

"Well sir, that finished him for fair. He didn't move no more and some of the people started goin' towards their cars on account of it was gettin' late and most of 'em had been up all night the night before, too.

"A lot of the boys stayed around though, puttin' wood on the fire for a spell but it wasn't doin' no good any more and just makin' it smell worse. When the breeze'd fan it up a little you could see the nigger's teeth shinin' and he looked just like a monkey when it's mad and skins its teeth back at you only he didn't have no lips was the reason it looked that way.

"Soon's the fire cooled off enough everybody run up and begin' to get some more souvenirs. Some of 'em cracked off his finger and toe joints just like twigs off'n a dead saplin'.

"I kinda wanted somethin' to remember it by on account of it bein' the first lynchin' I ever seen but they was so many of 'em millin' around the nigger he'd been kinda picked over by the time I could get up to him, but I got me a souvenir all right. I still got it right here in my watch pocket.

"See that tooth? Well sir, I took the butt—I took me a rock and knocked it out and I been carryin' it for a good luck piece ever since. I had a lot of fun with it, too. You oughta see that porter's face when I showed it to him one day and told him what it was.

"There, I guess that about fixes you up this mornin', Mr. Taylor.

"Say, just a minute. I think I got a pitcher of that nigger here somewhere a photographer come out from town and took next mornin'. You like to see it? Well, some other time then.

"You ain't been sick lately have you, Mr. Taylor? You ain't lookin' any too good this mornin' if you don't mind my tellin' you."

Auction Sale: 1,000 Industrial kings, self-starting; 178 American masterminds, somewhat shopworn; 500 Captains of Industry, slightly frayed at the edges; 53 Merchant Princes, assorted sizes; 100 Makers of America, in original wrappings; 52 Leaders of America, overstuffed. American Press Association Auction Rooms, Monday to Saturday (dates open).—Advt.

Wanted: Young book reviewer with no experience but with large circle of young friends who write books. Apply The Bookman.—Advt.

REQUIRED READING

"War is dying. It dies because it cannot pay its way. It dies because, through the spread of education and the demands of commerce, no part of the civilized world can be suffered to engage in a life and death struggle with any other part. . . . As war is now mainly a matter of finance, armies and navies being mere incidents as compared with financial reserves, the bankers still have the last word. No international struggle, accident aside, can break out until they give the signal. In our belief, whatever the apparent provocation of noisy speech or hectoring diplomacy, we shall never see another war among the great nations of Europe. There is too much at stake. . . . And so war is dying, self-slain by the costly weapons science has forged for it, and it now remains for finance to give it a decent and fitting burial."—From *War and Waste*, by David Starr Jordan, published in June, 1913.

Required reading: The newspapers from August 4, 1914, up to date.

HE ACCOUNTS FOR THE SKYSCRAPERS

by OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

If Helen burned the "topless towers"
When things in Troy looked hopeless,
I said, where lovelier Helens dwell
The towers will be more topless:
I never saw such girls as yours
But do not be afraid
Of Beauty, for you have as well
A better Fire Brigade!

SERVANTS OF GOD
No. 5

Special to the New York Herald-Tribune:

MANHASSET, L. I.—The Rev. R. H. Walker, pastor of the Methodist Church of the Negro settlement in the Manhasset Valley district of town, raced into the 6th Precinct station of the Nassau County police here tonight with the urgent request that somebody lend him a revolver right away. He had just received a telephone message at his home, he said, that the Rev. Major Divine, who ran a Negro "heaven" in Suffolk County until white neighbors objected, had denounced him as "a thorn in the side of the Lord" and decreed his destruction.

The Rev. Mr. Walker has exerted his utmost efforts to combat the influence of Father Divine upon the women of his congregation.

LONDON'S LITERARY CLIQUES

by FRANK SWINNERTON

THERE are no literary cliques in London. There are no literary cliques in London. There are no—what did you say? Well, there are *friends*, of course. Of course there are friends. You can't be enemies with everybody, can you? I mean, if somebody thinks you are frightfully good, you feel grateful to him, and think that he is most awfully good, too. And then you feel friendly toward him, and he says he wishes you could get his book for review, because he is so tired of being misunderstood, and he doesn't want praise, of course, but only understanding; and you get his book, and find it perfectly splendid, and say so, and he is pleased, and surprised; and he gets *your* book for review, and praises it, and you are pleased, and surprised, and when you are writing about books you mention your friend, and say how good he is. But that is so simple. It makes for a kind of—oh, I don't know—sort of nice friendliness. And of course it helps sales, too.

But that is not the whole point. Naturally one doesn't care about sales; though it *is* rather pleasant to see one's sales rising, and to hear that the sales of some other people, not at all good, and unfriendly, are going down. But the real point is that it is so difficult to get to the top of the ladder, and if you don't feel able to stand alone, and wait for success, you *have* to get help, and encourage what in England is called the Public School Spirit. Or the Team Spirit. One for All, and All for One. It is the splendid Spirit that works for good in all things, particularly in things relating to fellows who were at the same School, or at the same University, or who are literary friends. There was once a Major, or perhaps only a retired Civil Servant, or perhaps not even that, but at any rate a *pukka sahib*, who wrote to the London *Times* pointing out that the Great War was won by means of the Public School Spirit. Some idiot replied, objecting that other nations were engaged in the War besides the British, and that even the British Army was not exclusively composed of Public Schoolboys, but of course that was absurd.

But the Team Spirit is all through London literary circles. You will find that there is such a Spirit working among the Highbrows (some call them Prigs), who all say that anybody who does not write as they write is No Good; and a similar Spirit working among the Middlebrows (some call them Donkeys), who all spit at the Highbrows and scorn the Lowbrows; and a similar Spirit working among the Lowbrows, who all feel that they must band together to stop the Highbrow rot that is talked and printed about culture. Even Highbrows, however, are not all in the same Camp. Even Middlebrows. Even Lowbrows, although Lowbrows are more tolerant of one another, just as horses are. It is impossible to persuade Bloomsbury that Aldous Huxley is really good, because Aldous Huxley is not Bloomsbury. It is perfectly possible to see a Middlebrow condemnation of Compton Mackenzie, who, although not a Highbrow, is rather apt to go his own way, without fawning upon the Boys of the Mutual Help Brigade. You admit, if you are among Friends, that these writers, for example, exist—although they are not really *good*, you understand;—but you do not go out of your way to mention them. Why should you? They do not hunt in the Pack. They are not Right.

As I said at the beginning, there are no literary cliques in London. But there are friends; and the friends of friends; and if you have any pull with space you give your friends and their friends, who naturally, at one remove, are your friends, because they have the same smell, and way of thinking, and sense of duty as to favors, such space as you can wangle. The others, unless they are too big to be ignored, you allow to whistle for space or notice. Why should you help them? After all, if you have friends, you must do all you can for them; whereas if a man has done nothing to show how much he admires you, it may well be that he does not admire you at all. That is unforgivable. I am sure everybody will agree that gratitude is, and must be, the beginning of any literary friendship. One could not make a friend of a man who had said in print that one was a bad writer, could one?

It is a little hard to explain to Americans just how good, and right, and powerful the Public School Spirit is, because of course Americans know nothing about exclusiveness. They seem ready to be friendly with everybody, on the surface, and without too chilly an examination; and then they go away and write what they think of an author's work as if they had never been friendly with him at all. Now a man such as myself might understand conduct of this kind, because I was not brought up properly; but is it Sporting? The Really Decent Author would think it Unfriendly and a Bit Thick. He might try to get his own back, later.

Things are so different in England. First of all, we have in England that perfect institution, the Class System. It was temporarily laid aside during the War, when all classes were involved in the same trouble but it is now back again, as strong as ever. Stronger. Aristocrats and Bourgeois and Servile Classes. In literary circles there are Intellectual Aristocrats, an Intellectual Bourgeoisie, and the Slave Class. They do not mix. How could they mix? Literary circles are full of passionate contempt for one another. But within those circles, against the enemies without, there are bands of brothers. Naturally they stick together.

You see, then, how the notion got abroad that there are literary cliques in England. But what a false notion! There are friends, and non-friends. For a friend, of course, you will write a splendid review (has he not done as much for you in last week's *Log*?). For a non-friend or neuter you will not trouble to write a review, although as he is always a potential friend you will be kind. For an enemy or non-admirer you will go so far as to suppress all mention of his name in any review or article you may write. This is always done if you are of the Right Sort.

By behaving in such a way you help the Good and discourage the Bad or Unworthy. The School, God bless it, is everything. No good thing nowadays, *pace* all speeches made by headmasters of Public Schools, can be done unless it is driven by the urge of the Team Spirit. Team or Pack, call it what you will. It does its work in the literary world by way of the reviewing columns. Do you say that is an abuse? I do not understand you. No author-reviewer who needs the services of his friends (apart from a few cranks who love the truth and do not play the game) would understand you. The Team Spirit, that noblest of all aids to success—. Tell me, is literature a profession or not?

HISTORIETTE OF AN EPISODE IN THE ART LIFE OF AMERICA

(*Continued from Page 1, Col. 3*)

phenburg cuspidor bearing a likeness, in gold-leaf, of Leonardo da Vinci, there was installed a series of photo-murals by Steichen, depicting the whole progress of aviation. Abstract sculpture in precious metals by Isamu Noguchi helped to make inviting the turquoise doors to the ladies' toilets, and a bewildering array of art gems by Louis Bouché, Witwold Gordon, Buk Ulreich and Donaldo Deskey greeted the ladies on their due return into polite society. Wall mirrors, rising to the majestic height of the third mezzanine and reflecting the glow of 3,216 jacinth lamps, costing in the aggregate $56,514, were erected to bank the garnet Grand Foyer, which was laid with lush magenta carpets especially woven at a cost of $63,752. The auditorium itself was illuminated "by a system of rays of light and color representing a stylized sunrise," devised at a cost of $176,800. Nothing like it had been seen in the world before.

To preside over the orchestras in the twin art temples, thirteen conductors were placed under contract. A large staff of composers and arrangers was hired by the year. A troupe of organists was employed at a fancy figure. Ballet directors and experts of the modern dance, scene and costume designers, master electricians, a business personnel of 3,462, six full regiments of ushers, 320 cab-starters, 639 doormen and ticket-takers, a special medical staff of 50, 1627 washroom attendants, black and white, 22 Turks to prepare the special coffee dispensed gratis, and 146 page boys clad in satin were introduced into the magnificent scene.

It but remained to find a sufficiently great artist to preside over and direct the cultural destinies of the two splendid shrines. The Rockefeller family and its advisers gave over days, weeks, months to the all-important problem. There must be no mistake; only a genuinely great artist must be considered. A hundred proposals, embracing maestros European as well as American, were meditated and rejected. None had the necessary qualification, the necessary magnitude. And then, at length, even as all seemed lost, came an inspiration as from the heavens. The great artist was found! And complete control of the $12,000,000 worth of treasure-museums, potential residences of art in its highest forms, was vested in an ex-bartender and subsequent operator of a Broadway movie house—his name, Sam Rothapfel, known affectionately to himself as "Roxy".

This great artist was no sooner appointed to the proud post than he had thousands of photographs taken of himself displaying him in a series of impressive Mussolini poses and began assiduously drilling the six regiments of ushers fifteen hours a day. The ushers at last perfect in the military ritual, he took a couple of days off and had more photographs taken of himself in certain Mussolini poses that he had overlooked. Then, via his 48 personal press-agents, he gave out a statement. It read: "All men dream. Few and fortunate are those who live to see their richest visions become realities. So judged, 'Roxy' is one of the luckiest of men! These theatres were living realities in his imagination long before their first steel arms reached toward the sky. This, then, is the story of a great dream come true!"

Time passed and the night of the opening of the great shrines approached. New York, all America, held its breath. Five hundred traffic police maintained the thoroughfares in some faint order; 20,000 stupefied people crowded the streets leading to the shrines. In the larger of the two, 6,200 gathered in awe and anticipation; in the smaller, 3,700. The day of a remarkable new art movement had dawned. And then, in the $7,000,000 theatre in the $250,000,000 Rockefeller art centre, the $85,000 golden curtains parted and revealed, in succession, a couple of radio performers, "Eddie and Ralph," in an act called "The Pulling Scene from The Dentist of Seville," a clog dancer, Dr. Rockwell the vaudeville comedian, and a troupe of Japanese acrobats. And then, in the $5,000,000 theatre in the $250,000,000 Rockefeller art center, the $55,000 golden curtains parted and revealed a screen on which was thrown a Hollywood movie wherein a blonde got the amorous better of a brunette.

The Editors are deeply impressed by the thought that the most up-to-date ideas in radical circles today are those of a man who was born in 1818 and died in 1883, thus peculiarly qualified to deal with the problems of the modern machine and scientific age.

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SLIGHTLY SYMPOSIAL

by BRANCH CABELL

THE postman has brought me letters from but three of your tribe to-day, my dear sir, as I observe with relief. The first of you, I find, is making a study of sundry "outstanding personalities" from the standpoint of "To what extent did your early training and family background contribute to your personal success?" This problem is to be disposed of by the victim's answering ten questions, of which each is divided into some half-dozen subsections, questions of a highly ramified, of an exhaustive, and here and there of a delicate nature, questions which (I estimate roughly) I might dispose of in rather less than a month's steady work. The second of you is preparing a "symposium upon religion," for which are desired my "personal views, theories, or beliefs, concerning religion, together with the reasons for these views, whether they be philosophical, scientific, or theological." Him, I imagine, I could answer within the mere space of a week's passing.

But you, sir, are compiling a book of "personal messages of cheer and comfort" to be distributed among the inmates of tuberculosis hospitals, and you ask that I contribute "not less than fifty words," to sustain the moribund in optimism and hilarity. It is an asking which moves me to a deal of puzzled and perturbed reflection.

I may not pretend to understand you immoderate persons who thus pester authors to take part in "symposiums." Upon purely sordid grounds, I, who am of Scots descent, marvel that you should expect authors to drop whatever work they may have in hand and to combine gratis to write for you your book, your pamphlet, or your magazine article. From the standpoint of mere rationality, I have never found that any such "symposium," when once it was completed and set forth in print, displayed any detectable reason to justify its existence. It publicates, for the most part, only the ostensible views of quite unimportant persons as to topics about which they know nothing in particular; and one honestly does wonder why the hodgepodge was electrotyped.

Not every practising author (I would whisper to you, sir, in close confidence) is omniscient. It follows that when a writer is called upon offhand to speak of socialism, his favorite recipe, the future of literature, Christmas, the immortality of the soul, alcohol, his ideal woman, the younger generation, his most awkward moment, the best books of the year, the talking pictures, divorce, censorship, the capitalistic régime, and how he intends to vote at the next election—all which may very easily happen to an unwary writer upon any morning in his life—not every one of his dicta can be of universal interest and of perdurable worth. Quite a number of them in fact will be damned silly. And I think that to every writer who does not abstain absolutely from such "symposiums" one may apply just the same description.

I do not attempt humor. Did these "symposiums" aim but at frivolous topics there would be in them no great harm. My complaint is that they don't. My complaint is, for example, that they enable a chuckle-headed altruist to draw on me for "a personal message of cheer and comfort" for hospitalfuls of men and women dying of consumption. It is a draft very far beyond my mental funds. I myself have come reasonably near to dying upon several occasions, and upon none of them could I contrive to make even myself feel cheery and comfortable. Death did not, somehow, appeal to me as a brisk pleasure jaunt; I was wholly willing to postpone it and the nearlier it approached, the more fretfully did I regard it, with the irrational but strong distaste which I had hitherto reserved for golf and horseback exercise. It might suit other people well enough, if they cared for that sort of thing, I felt, but not me. I wanted not to die, not for the present, anyhow. I did not want, not immediately, to be an angel and with angels stand. I wanted a corps of physicians at my bedside and all the better-thought-of drugs in extra large quantities.

Who, then, am I to recommend the King of Terrors as an uncommonly good fellow when you come really to know him? I do not know anything about Death save that all his ways, in so far as I have witnessed them, are tyrannous and unclean and terrible.

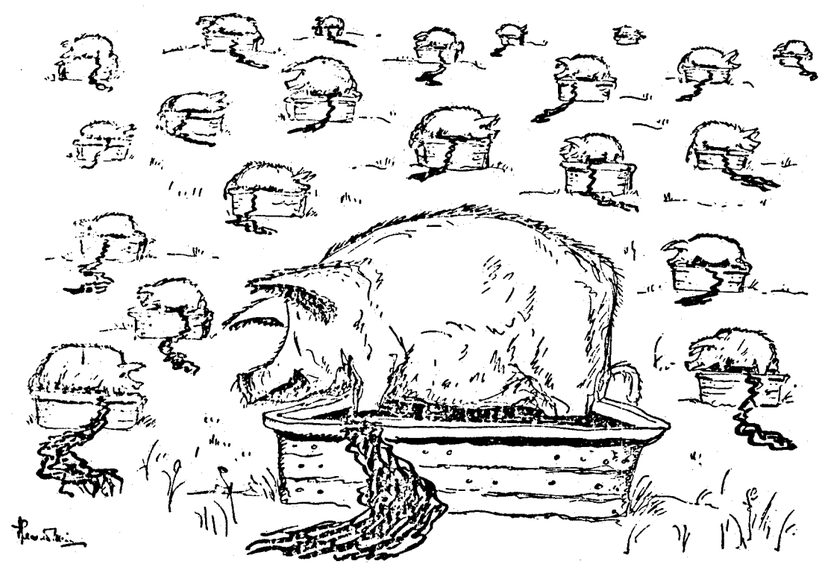
And yet, you see, I feel that after all one might pocket both common-sense and one's awkward memories philanthropically. I feel that one could perhaps contrive some sort of opiate claptrap which might, just possibly, hoodwink a few of the less intelligent consumptives into a half-belief which would a little ease their going out of this world. And I know that for me to do this for even one person would seem (to me, at all events) a far more laudable performance than to cling selfishly to mere mental integrity. And I know too that I am so constituted I cannot contrive this claptrap.

So the sole fruitage of the matter is that I come to abhor the chuckle-headed altruist who has made me feel bitterly uncomfortable. After that, my dear sir, I do not drop your letter hastily into the waste basket, but instead I scrouge it down with ferocity.

OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND

From the advertising pages of the (London) *Week-End Review*:

Intelligent Woman, under 35, required to share home and all except rough household work with family (2 adults and child 2½ years) in the country, but easy reach London. Politically advanced and not religious. Woman with a child between 2 a. 1 3 preferred. Legitimacy no objection.—Write, Box 127, THE WEEK-END REVIEW.



—Hendrik Willem Van Loon

The Story of Mankind

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE GENTILES

by ERNEST BOYD

SCENE: A committee room in the Morris Sholom Aleichem Club, Sharon-on-Hudson. The room is comfortably and conservatively furnished. On the walls are portraits of eminent rabbis, Talmudic scholars and the chess championship teams of I. C. S. Over the door, a mezzuzah. Four members of this exclusive club have met to discuss the admission of a new member. They are: Mr. Hyman Mayer, Mr. Moishe Kaplan Mr. Sidney Schlupinsky, Mr. Benno Ippik.

All four are very pronounced and obviously Jewish types, dark, wavy or curly hair, aquiline noses, etc. But they are dressed in the best Savile Row style, their manners are perfect, and, save when pronouncing Yiddish or Hebrew words, their accents are rather British.

Mr. Mayer: My dear Ippik, as I have often told you, once you let the barriers down, you never can tell where it'll end. I don't object to Gentiles—in fact, some of my best friends are Gentiles. Peabody, for instance, is a nice sort of chap, practically one of *unsere Leute.*

Mr. Schlupinsky: Quite! Quite! Topping fellow! But why do these people have such queer names? I remember when I introduced Peabody to my wife, she was positively embarrassed. Reminded me of our old friend Higginbotham.

Mr. Kaplan: Think of my daughter meeting a man named Hoare, whose wife had been a Miss Letcher.

Mr. Ippik: Well, I once knew a man whose name was Alcock. . . .

Mr. Schlupinsky: I know, I know. It's simply too dreadful! Sometimes they change their names from Botham to Bottome, but they don't mind being called Kip, Hogg, Fish, Potts, or even Philpotts, Rogers, Cockburn and Doolittle.

Mr. Mayer: Well, at least in those cases, you'd never take them to be Jews. But, you know, most of them are so strange, so foreign looking. *(He walks up to mirror and admiringly contemplates his swarthy features.)* They're so pale and colorless—almost effeminate. *(He rubs his chin.)* I never yet saw a Gentile who had to shave more than once a day. No wonder they have such small families!

Mr. Ippik: (With a knowing grin) Yes. And you don't often see them with bow legs. You know, *(laughs)* on pleasure bent and all that sort of thing.

(They all chuckle loudly.)

Mr. Kaplan: That's just the point. They have no real family feeling. Too selfish for that. I've known Gentiles for years and they've never introduced their relations, or even mentioned them. As far as I can make out, they have no respect for their parents, and actually think that a daughter is as important as a son.

Mr. Ippik: The more I see of Gentiles, the more I am impressed by their meanness about money. Hence their lack of culture. Just imagine music in New York without the Jews? Who would go to the concerts? And who would perform at them? Just imagine a Theatre Guild opening with only *goyim!* There'd be no one there except the critics.

Mr. Schlupinsky: And what about the publishing business? And the learned professions? I hardly know a Jewish household in which there is not a lawyer, a doctor, or a college professor. The *goyim* think only of business, of making money.

Mr. Mayer: (Bitterly) And of borrowing it! Say what you will, there's always something alien about a Gentile. The Mayers have been in this country since 1640. One of my ancestors, Solomon Franco, was exiled from the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1649 But Gentiles always cling to their own racial superstitions and customs. You never can assimilate a Gentile. You may take them in, and like them. But they're not Americans. They're always boasting of being English, Irish, Scottish, French, or what not. They never become one of us.

Mr. Ippik: Yes. Have you ever noticed how they stick to their habit of not gesticulating? How can you talk to a man when you can't *see* what he's saying? And then, they're always complaining when they're offered decent clean food. Just imagine people who do not appreciate *knishes, tsimmis!* Where do they get their awful tastes from? Eating the stuffed livers of diseased geese; scavenger food like oysters, crabs, lobsters, clams, mussels, even snails! The mere thought of such a dish as creamed beef—cow, with milk on it,—makes me feel ill.

Mr. Mayer: Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say that. I think some Gentile dishes are rather nice, once in a while, for a change. I wouldn't take the Momma, but my daughter and I occasionally go to one of those *trefe* restaurants like the Colony or the Casino. It's amusing to watch the strange types of people. They never play chess or dominoes, and have no conversation whatever, nothing that you would call conversation. Although, I will say, you sometimes see very pretty *shiksas.* Even Rebecca—you know Rebecca says that some of the *goyim* are almost good-looking.

Mr. Schlupinsky: That's the trouble about letting too many of them in. The next thing you know, they get ideas about inter-marrying. But what's the use? They never introduce you to their relations. What's the use of a marriage in which you don't make a few friends? But you marry these Gentiles, and they seem to have no relatives, no offspring worth speaking of. In fact, I once introduced a Gentile to a club and discovered that he had two brothers whom he never brought around and—believe it or not—when he wanted to speak to his mother, he went to the public telephone booth and didn't even tell her where he was. What sort of a club-fellow is that?

Mr. Kaplan: Well, you know, that doesn't surprise me. When you consider how much more attractive our women are when compared with their flat-chested, hipless females, most of whom have turned-up noses! Fortunately, as my wife always says, *our* young people have too much sense to take seriously these cold, bloodless people, when we have young men and women who'll be good fathers and good providers and always ready to bring children into the world.

Mr. Mayer: Gentlemen, this is all very well. I realize that we're broad-minded men of the world and have no race prejudices. I always say that, if a man is not a Jew, I don't care what his nationality is. But we have to decide what we are going to say to this Mr. O'Malley.

Mr. Kaplan: My feeling is this: We all understand each other, and certainly no one can accuse us of anti-*goyim* prejudice. I like Mr. O'Malley. His people and mine usually understand each other. But you cannot get over the fact that, nice as he is, he is not a Jew.

Mr. Ippik: I don't think that we ought to be influenced by this common prejudice against Gentiles. After all, we are intelligent men, and it is up to us to show that we are not swayed by racial prejudice.

Mr. Schlupinsky: Yes, I know. But, what can you do about this kind of a question? We all know O'Malley and like him. But when he joins this club, we have no guarantee that he will ever introduce his family. As a practical man, I ask, what is the use of having *one* O'Malley? Kaplan, is there any club that you belong to where you haven't introduced your uncles?

Mr. Kaplan: I should say not! What do you think I am?

Mr. Schlupinsky: That's just my point. We all know O'Malley and like him. But what do we know about him. I don't believe that he has any relations or any children. At least, in that mysterious Gentile way of his, how can you know it?

Mr. Mayer: Gentlemen, we have talked about this long enough. After all, we are all men together and friends. Why not let us hear Mr. O'Malley?

(Enter Mr. O'Malley. Mr. O'Malley *is an obsequious, undersized little man. He obviously wishes to please. It is evident that his heart is in the right place. But he has an inferiority complex. His wife has been urging him to join the Morris Sholom Aleichem Club for years. This is an important moment in his life.)*

Mr. O'Malley: (Rubbing his hands in a conciliatory manner) Well, gentlemen, how's tricks? Business ain't what it used to be. But, I'll tell you, I was talking yesterday afternoon to the assistant vice-president of the Bank of Columbus—you know, he's married to a sister-in-law of a cousin of mine, named O'Reilly—and he told me that things would surely be better before they surely got worse. But, of course, gentlemen, that is not what I came here to talk about. I realize that we are all friends but clubs have regulations.

Mr. Ippik: My dear Mr. O'Malley, you know that club regulations do not come into the picture where you are concerned. We like you. You're all right, but we have never met your relations.

Mr. O'Malley: Well, I've got an uncle in Tammany Hall. My brother-in-law was once secretary to Jimmy Walker. My aunt works in Macy's Little Shop, and my mother's the sweetest little woman in the world. Many a time the boys have said to me, "Charlie, you can't go home that way," but I knew that Mother Machree was waiting for her boy. And I'll tell you, gentlemen, there's some races in this country that have no feeling for home and mother, but the O'Malleys don't belong to those races. Whenever an O'Malley is drunk he goes home to his mother, and no O'Malley mother has ever admitted that an O'Malley was drunk.

Mr. Mayer: Mr. O'Malley, we members of the Morris Sholom Aleichem Club thoroughly understand your point of view about your mother. But your attitude about your relatives and—if I may say so—your eating habits are a little difficult from our point of view.

Mr. O'Malley: Are you telling me about my relations? I am married to the grandest little woman in the world. We have fourteen children. Twelve sons and two daughters. I am thoroughly opposed to this modern birth control movement. In fact, last night, when I went to confession, Father Murphy asked me some intimate questions, and I was able to reassure him. No modern idea has ever penetrated into the O'Malley family.

Mr. Kaplan: Mr. O'Malley, we appreciate your point of view about birth control and mothers, but we take exception to your unenlightened attitude toward modern ideas. As intellectual Jews we welcome all modern ideas, the more the better. We have never allowed modern ideas to influence our conduct. But we like ideas and are willing to pay for them.

Mr. Schlupinsky: You know, my sister-in-law has spent so much money on ideas that only yesterday my brother was telling me that the thing had ceased to be a joke. After all, this is a fashionable club. We are not interested in ideas. What we have to see is that our type of person belongs to it. These Gentiles are always walking around complaining that they can't join our clubs, because they don't understand the point. Despite your name, Mr. O'Malley, we all know you and like you. So far as you are concerned, there can be no objection to you—

Mr.O'Malley: (Very anxious to please) But I am almost one of yourselves. No one would ever take me for an Irishman. I have practically the same beliefs as you have.

Mr. Ippik: We do not question your beliefs. Your habits disturb us. You have no idea how it affects members of this club when they see a man having butter on his bread when eating a lamb chop.

Mr. O'Malley: (Highly indignant) As men of the world, let us play fair. Let us agree—and I admit it in all humility—I am a *goy.* But I fast on Friday. I obey the Mosaic laws. There is at least one day in the week when I am as incapable of eating a pork chop as you are. Further, Friday after sundown has a significance for you which it also has for me. It is the moment when I would like to eat things that I like, but I have to eat things ordained by Jehovah. Don't judge me harshly because of the shape of my nose and try, if you can, to understand the trials and sufferings of my race.

Mr. Kaplan: You can hardly expect us to admit that your race has as many grievances as ours, but you are a close competitor. And we admire your attitude toward your relatives and children. We hope to meet all your uncles, for we have decided, Mr. O'Malley, to admit you to this club as a full-fledged member.

Mr. O'Malley: (Ingratiatingly) Very kind of you, indeed, boys. I appreciate the honor, and Mother Machree will be tickled to death. *(Mr. Schlupinsky hands around glasses and they all raise them)*

All Together: Mazeltov! Mazeltov!

THE SMOKING-CAR CONTE

With the gradual disappearance of the old small smoking-room on railroad trains and the advent, in its place, of the spacious club smoker with its wicker chairs for men and women and its general air of clubbiness, another old American institution is about to pass. We allude, of course, to what is known as the smoking-car story. The smoking-car story was born out of the close contact of men in stuffy little cubicles. The new co-educational club smokers, with women at one's elbow, present difficulties to the one about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter, to say nothing of the one about the clergyman's wife and the ice man, that will be pretty difficult to surmount, particularly when one considers the noise of a train in motion and the inevitable necessity of lifting one's voice. The good old days are gone.

Definition—Technocrat: the colored porter seized with an ambition to be the locomotive engineer.

CROSS-BREEDING TO IMPROVE LITERARY STOCK

by BOB BROWN

THE literary breed today is pretty well standardized. In publishing circles, inter-office marriages are the rule. Our men and women of letters are class conscious. There is little mingling between the highbrows and the lowbrows. Sports writers hook up with sob sisters. Poets settle on poetesses like bees on honeysuckle. Pulp writers grab off the first available authoress of "Gun Molls." Rough-and-ready lady creators of thrilling Westerns invariably fall for air-minded two-cent-a-worders on *Ace High,* while further uptown the editorial staffs of *Town and Country* and *Spur* exchange the latest thing in Cartier engagement rings.

It is almost unheard of for a refined editress at, let us say, the *Forum,* to step out of her sphere into a mesalliance with a printer's devil or a continuity writer. She seldom goes lower in bequeathing herself than the first reader on the *Review of Reviews,* who fatally attracts her with his tweeds and manly pipe. The Quality Group holds itself slightly aloof from the Pulp Paper Pounders. These two distinct sets never intermarry. Similarly, a lady member of the *Vogue* or *Pictorial Review* staff might, for example, be terribly attracted to a rough diamond on *Hot Dog* or *Broadway Brevities.* She might be even tempted to commit an indiscretion with him, but never matrimony.

It seems high time that publishers took cognizance of the dangers of this prevalent in-breeding. Are they unconscious of the fact that second generation writers for the smoothies are generally males yclept Vivian who affect colored ink and strident female Ernestines who go about the office in everything mannish but pants, leaving cigarette holes in every manuscript?

Surely, the time has arrived for publishers, in self-defense, to take a stern hand in the production of a sturdier, more dependable stock of literary employee. This may be effected easily by arranging experimental matings in divers promising directions, accompanied by a little coaxing, judicious salary raises and nifty wedding presents. These matters of mating should not be left to the haphazard results obtained from matrimonial advertisements slyly inserted among the "Personals" in *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

At first, nothing drastic should be attempted, the publisher should not begin by trying to mate the Polo Expert of the *New Yorker* to a humble cow-girl pen-pusher on the *Golden West Magazine.*

To begin with, any art editor of any *Ballyhoo* sheet might be adroitly paired with an *Atlantic Monthly* editress, or a seasoned *New Masses* contributor with a reader on *The Saturday Evening Post.* The first lispings of their offspring should be studied by the publisher's psychiatrist to forecast the probable literary trend. Nothing so crude should be hazarded as mating a columnist with a compiler of Sears-Roebuck catalogues, or a nudist magazine model with the sermon editor of *The Commonweal.* At the start there must be no attempt at burbanking vanilla beans with prickly pears. No thorny-handed grafting of exotic cacti. The matter requires, rather, the skilled surgery of a botanist experimenting in the production of higher orchidaceous hybrids.

Its possibilities are provocative. By matching the office telephone girl with a statistician on Roger Babson's staff, a new type might be obtained that would unfailingly get the right number. A worn-out compiler of cross-word-puzzle books, scientifically crossed with a vital young backgammon or bridge expert of the opposite sex, might produce an uncanny author capable of creating a really novel and noteworthy trick book for some Simon and Schuster of the future. Something really splendid could be expected from a lady cashier of *Fortune* and the leading tipster on *Turf.* An *All Fiction* freelance with a *True Story* teller; or a picked representative of *Malt Age* with some eugenic specimen from *The Temperance Advocate. Whiz Bang* and *The Yale Review.*

A real romance between any editor of the *American Caravan* and almost any of the copy girls on *Open Road* or *Gypsy* might give us a modern Villon. Even a triangle might be attempted; one gifted *littérateur* each from *Broadway Nights, Hollywood Nights* and *Paris Nights,* experimentally mated in, say, Chicago, might result in a new Joyce, or at least a dependable night-mind writer for *transition.* Such obvious combinations as the staid editorialist of *National Nut News* and a flippant girl gossip gatherer connected with *Aw Nerts!* should be studiously avoided for the sake of posterity.

The experimental marriage ceremonies could be held in the offices of *Cupid, Sweetheart Stories* and *Child Welfare* by a committee of ministers furnished by Bernarr MacFadden. True, some of them would end inevitably in *Courtroom Stories,* yet it is more than probable that somewhere along the line the perfect literary type would be produced. It might come unexpectedly through some broken-down ad writer bred to a *Port of Lonely Hearts* conductress. The offspring (probably twins) should be instantly mated off for checking control, one to a wilting-lily poet, and the other to a radio announcer.

Let's not be squeamish about it. A penny-a-liner bred to a dollar-a-worder might develop a steady, plugging, profitable producer of reliable blue-ribbon fiction at around sixteen cents a word. This would be a god-send to the Cyrus K. Curtis and Hearst magazines.

Disarmament: governmental vegetarianism.

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THE LECTURE PLATFORM

by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IN 1835 Emerson began lecturing in Boston. After twelve years' barnstorming, his talks, which grew into the most searching essays ever written in America, yielded him, in 1847, five hundred and seventy dollars for seventeen lectures. "The Conduct of Life," presented by the greatest thinker of his day, was worth fifty dollars in Boston, ten dollars and expenses in the country lyceums. Less than a hundred years later the platform of the largest concert-hall in New York was ornately decorated in honor of an imported Belgian mystic; for reading a paper on a subject no one understood, in a voice no one could hear, in a language he could not speak, M. Maeterlinck was guaranteed twenty thousand dollars for forty lectures. Graf Keyserling did even better. His social scorn and tactlessness, according to his unfortunate hosts, exceeded Lord Dunsany's incredible (or calculated) *faux pas*. His demands (carefully sent out in advance by his agents) included a refusal to meet any one after his lectures, unless he could have a "sitting-down" supper; it was made plain that nothing could be expected of the world-philosopher without champagne, "or at least French wines." And, in return for these considerations, Count Keyserling accepted one thousand dollars for each appearance.

Thus the progress of the lecture business, a progress which might be charted thus: "From a Religion to a Racket." Almost ten million dollars (if the statisticians can be trusted) are annually expended by Open Forums, Women's Clubs, Extension Courses, Leagues for Political Education, Junior Leagues, Finishing Schools, Y. M. C.—and particularly, H.—A.s, Teachers Associations, B'nai B'rith Foundations, and the multiple cultural laboratories of America, the only country, as Milton MacKaye remarked, "where people are willing to contribute good money to look at and listen to someone they have never seen before and will never see again."

But emphasizing the incongruity of the box-office returns is as bad as placing false emphasis on a wrong note. The law of accelerated returns—and, in spite of economists, there seems to be such a law—centres about the lecture-bureau, and it is a law I am not capable of determining. I am, I admit, far less concerned with what has happened to the impresarios than what is happening to the lecturers and their audiences.

What is happening is, I think, evident to the most casual peregrinater. It is, first of all, a gradual lessening of the powers of the lecturer. The higher his price, as a rule, the cheaper his performance. It is almost inevitable. As his fees increase, so do his audiences; the larger his audience, the lower (so I. Q. experts have assured him) its average mentality and the slower the response. The lecturer may be an explorer, a scientist, a student of comparative civilization, a professor of æsthetics, an English novelist, but he is, nevertheless, a human being. In the capacity of savant he is anxious to present the uncompromising conclusions which he has taken years to ascertain, but in the latter rôle, he is even more anxious to please. He begins by sugar-coating a fact, turns a troublesome point into a light detail, and ends with a compromise that pleases neither himself nor his public. The compromise, he quiets himself, is a necessary concession; soon, however, he cannot afford even that self-consolation. He becomes an actor, a showman, an exhibitionist. Half-fearful, half-contemptuous of his audience, he plays for points, broadens his statements, underscores whatever may be sensational and yet safe. He learns the technique of startling with circumspection. He loses both his honesty and his spontaneity. He develops a manner at the expense of his subject; coddles an ingenuousness or a (properly controlled) eccentricity; in short, capitalizes his personality instead of his program.

The degeneration of the man into the marionette begins innocently enough. Dr. A— is delivering one of the first lectures of his season on the situation in Russia. His remarks are intelligent, his observations first hand, but his audience—mixed as most audiences are—is no more than perfunctorily attentive. The hall—in common with most halls—is draughty and, in the midst of pronouncing a particularly explosive Russian name, the lecturer sneezes. The audience, unsure of the accident, recognizes the joke; it is roused and rewards the lecturer with the pleasant punctuation of laughter. Henceforth the sneeze is a part of Dr. A—'s talks on Russia. Professor B—is an authority on American literature. His account of recent departures in technique is going well enough but, in spite of Professor B—'s efforts, he is caught in the doldrums of a dull half hour and the audience looks blank. "At the end of my lecture," says he in the hope of holding the interest until then, "I will be glad to amplify my statements, although," he adds, remembering his failure as elocutionist, "I am not a loud speaker." The radio-minded audience picks up the unconscious play on words and chuckles its appreciation. When next Professor B— lectures on the subject, he interrupts himself with the same embarrassed humility, the unprepared sentence becomes a conscious interpolation, and soon Professor B— is known for his delightful wit and spontaneity.

Thus the routinizing of the lecturer. Meanwhile, what has happened to the audiences? Originally they were ready for straightforward appraisals, even for profound searchings of principle and prejudice. Emerson, leaving his pulpit, discovered that "people would hear on Wednesday with approval doctrines from which on Sunday they felt officially obliged to dissent." There was, it seems, a time when audiences accepted, if they did not applaud, a definite, even a defiant, independence of judgment. Today they sit back in their chairs, fairly certain of conformity, of hearing precisely what they have come to hear, assured there will be no disturbances other than the amusing sort, no heresies except the fashionable ones. They are regaled with a worm's-eye view of the subject, anecdotes faintly relevant and more than faintly reminiscent, a rapid condensation and a hasty conclusion.

Whose fault is it that snippets of gossip and bland superficials are offered instead of attempts to sound something deeper than the surface. As an occasional member of the tribe, I think the fault is almost wholly the lecturer's. He has misjudged, actually mistaken, his public; the audience of the lecture-hall becomes confused, in his mind, with the proverbial fourteen-year-old intelligence of the cinemas; he does not merely talk down, he thinks down to it. The audience must accept part of the responsibility for tolerating an exhibit of personality instead of an examined and developed program. But its fault is the fault of dispassionate politeness, not—as is the lecturer's—of performance. It comes to look and listen, while he has—or once had—another attitude. That attitude was one which was more concerned with doing justice to his subject than titillating his hearers. The lecturer—and there are, of course, the honorable exceptions to this generality—has forgotten that, besides being an entertainment, he may be an occasional educator, a provoker of thought, at least, an honest purveyor and stimulator of ideas. By being anything less, he ceases to take himself, his audience and his subject seriously; the one thing he takes seriously is his check.

CAN JOURNALISM BE RESTORED?

(*Continued from Page 1, Col. 2*)

sapiens. But now education, being as free as the weather, is held in much the same esteem.

When this gratuitous discipline, which taught people to read but not to think, was instigated, there was a rush of publications prepared specially to catch the pocket-money of the huge new semi-literate public. It was imagined by the optimists that the semi-literate would soon become wholly informed and would reject the trash that was being hurled at them in a deluge. But what occurred was something calamitously different. The middle-class, hitherto educated and quite prepared to consider serious journalism, discovered that the poor were being supplied with some nice easy reading matter and they accordingly threw their weight in with the huge new circulations. Instead of the barely educated climbing up to join them, they descended to join the barely educated and to share their cheap pleasure of sensational news and flashy features. Thus free public education achieved the very opposite of what was expected. Instead of multiplying the intelligent reader by millions, it debased this class to the level of those who could barely spell by creating a huge machinery of magazine production, externally attractive and cleverly made up, which was designed to delight the moron and ended by capturing the sophomore.

It is fairly obvious from the sales of books in relation to the numbers of the reading public a hundred years ago that those who could read did read fully and seriously. They were not terrified by length or by the development of a sustained argument; they did not have to be lured on by catchpenny tricks. That public, instead of attracting new myriads of readers to its own level, has very largely sunk toward the taste of the new myriads and happily pores over "Jungle Love" and "The Corpse in the Ash-bin"; and the journalism which it favors is the equivalent of its fiction. The object is not to inform or interpret, but to entertain, to kill time and thought, to make the world's routine seem a succession of marvels. It turns silly little sex-affairs into portentous romances; it is always discovering "records" in this and that stupid exercise; its adjectives are superlatives. Every day is a wonderful day. It is not, on its lines, particularly inventive. The popular press has not improved its own technique at all rapidly; it simply repeats its bag of tricks. But that suffices. The public buys the gaudier sheets. Thus the serious prints continually decrease in numbers, while the jazz ones add to their circulations.

Can journalism be restored? Yes, on either of two suppositions: *(a)* that public affairs are so honorably and wisely conducted that intelligent comment from day to day becomes possible, and *(b)* that the process of public education, instead of increasing the millions who can just read a headline, actually begins to turn out potential readers of truthful description and sustained argument. In either case the man who writes the stuff will be only too glad to write it decently. But is either hypothesis in the least likely to happen? Gloomily, as a journalist watching his craft reduced to the service of verbal and pictorial hot-dogs, I fancy not.

"KEEP MOVING"

by VAN WYCK BROOKS

"KEEP mooving, keep moving!" So the guards tell us in the subway. As if Americans needed this advice! We have done nothing but "keep moving" since the year 1620. We have moved from Plymouth Rock to Connecticut, from Connecticut to Ohio, from Ohio to Wisconsin, from Wisconsin to Dakota, and from Dakota to California. It is any wonder that, arriving in California, and having nowhere else to go, our countrymen have gone up in the air?

The Editors understand from their younger contemporaries that not to have read "Das Kapital" until 1932 is a sign of Advanced Thought.

A WRITER LOOKS AT THE RAILROADS

by THEODORE DREISER

THE railroads today cannot rightfully blame their plight on the general depression, for they have been leading up to their present loss in revenue for years. Their short-sightedness, their overconfidence and stubbornness, and their belief that the railroad systems were supreme in the transportation field—all these things have operated to the exclusion of sane, simple business management and to the end that today we find them, like a panhandler on the corner, begging the public for business and the government for a loan. They are entitled to neither.

It took no genius to see, years ago, that trucks were to become a real menace to the railroads' boasted supremacy, and that the time to start fighting the trucks was when they first became active competitors. In fact, several years ago, a subordinate suggested to the officials of two of the largest Texas railroads that steps be taken to offset the inroads of the trucks before they became too powerful, but these omniscient officials said, "They can't last; don't worry."

But are the railroads, even today, making any effort to fight the trucks by giving service equally good or better? They are not. Instead, they are spending millions of dollars annually "legislating" against the trucks, and they are getting those millions of dollars by laying off thousands of men and slashing salaries and wages. Then they have the insolence to point out, to the public, the drastic measures they take to "cut expenses".

Several years ago, the railroads entered into an unannounced and unacknowledged competition as to which could buy and operate the largest power and equipment. They expended millions of dollars for new freight equipment, new power, larger steel, new ties, for widening banks, extending passing tracks, strengthening bridges, increasing capacities of shops and roundhouses. Now they have no use for all of this, with its consequent high taxes, its interest on unretired equipment bonds, and equipment is idle while shops are closed and forces reduced. One would imagine that, with such large investments, the railroads would set out to find some means to pull all this back into service instead of using their resources to secure government loans, or to legislate against the other fellow. I can't remember reading that any of the bus or truck companies have asked the government for a loan.

In Texas, most of the railroads (after the trucks became firmly entrenched and had regular customers, schedules, tariffs, etc.) inaugurated what is known as the "pick up and delivery system." This is a service by means of which a railroad-owned or-chartered truck calls at the shippers' door, picks up freight, takes it to the freight house, loads it in a pool car, and handles the car to destination where another truck, owned or chartered, delivers it to consignee without additional cost.

Theoretically, this is excellent but in practise it does not work out, nor have the desired result. Why? I made a personal check-up last Winter and this is what I found: Trucks pick up shipments and deliver them to the freight house promptly; they are promptly loaded into a car. As soon as the carload is completed with shipments all intended for the same general destination, the car is moved out to the freight yard. Still no delay; but here is where the system falls down. That car, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, will remain in the freight yard from four to ten hours, or until sufficient tonnage is accumulated to be moved by one of the big engines they insist on operating. Woe to him who orders that train to be moved until the locomotive has its rated tonnage. I made this check-up in Houston, Texas, and it is a fair example. The result of such handling is that a less than carload shipment from Houston to the Lower Rio Grande Valley requires from two to three days to reach destination. A similar shipment handled by truck would be in Brownsville and delivered before the railroad shipment left Houston.

The percentage of businessmen and shippers who really prefer the truck to the railroad is very small, but none of them proposes to be penalized for the benefit of the railroads, even though they realize the absolute need of the railroads to our economic well-being. There are only two reasons why they are patronizing the truck instead of the railroad. The first is that the rates, as a rule, are cheaper. The second is that there is quicker delivery from distributing centres, which enables them to reduce inventoried stocks.

With the improved freight equipment we have today, and every known safety appliance ensuring the safe operation of trains, there is no reason on earth why freight trains cannot be operated on just as fast a schedule as passenger trains. There is only one thing standing in the way—the "tonnage sheet". Railroads are still using methods inaugurated thirty-five years ago, and the only barometer they recognize is the tonnage sheet. From president down to trainmaster, the first thing a railroad man looks for on entering his office in the morning is that part of the 8 A. M. report which shows tonnage handled, and God pity the individual responsible for running a freight train out of a terminal with less than the rated tonnage capacity of the handling locomotive. It does not matter if a train movement is held up from one to eight hours. They must have their tonnage. Yet they have crews lying around idle, large and small power in white lead in the shop, idle equipment on almost every siding, and while shippers call wildly for delivery, trains are held waiting for more tonnage. Is it any wonder the public is turning to the truck, a self-contained unit, operated for small profit and quick turnover?

II

The remedy for all this delay, waste, confusion? Here it is. Railroads should get freight rates down to where they will be at least equal to those charged by trucks. (This measure, however, must be reinforced by delivery which approximates the speed of truck delivery.) Railroads should set a maximum time limit for holding a shipment before forwarding. They could and should disregard tonnage ratings of locomotives, and run a train every thirty-five minutes, if necessary, but they should move the freight, and move it quickly. They would not need all their high-powered freight solicitors if they would deliver some real service. All the roads today have hundreds of small engines lying idle in white lead, "stored" (when they conceived the idea of buying big, expensive power) because they are not capable of handling a train of 150 cars. But these small engines are in good shape, capable of handling, with speed and economy, from five to forty cars. They could be run with as few as four or five cars, make passenger train time, and still show a good earning over operating expense.

But, the railroads will say, we can't make passenger train time with a freight train; there is too much time lost setting out and picking up. More old stuff, and untrue, for with all this idle equipment, they could start a light engine out of division point daily, if necessary, and from each end of the division, if justifiable, to do nothing but pick up cars that have been loaded at way stations. Thus, the engine would arrive at the other end of the division with a train. In addition to this, they could start another locomotive out with a train of cars destined for way stations, to do nothing but set out, so that it would arrive light at the other end of division. The pick-up train could also pick up empties, or foreign cars that have to be moved toward home. The set-out train could also set out empties that had been requisitioned the day before.

More attention should be paid to proper make-up and classification of trains at terminal points, obviating the necessity of on-line switching. Then the term "red ball," designating fast freight, as used today, would not be a misnomer.

Many of the railroad men who went to France used to laugh at the railroad methods over there, yet they might profit by taking a leaf from the Frenchmen's book. Seventy-five per cent of the freight trains on American railroads today are termed "drags" (and the term is very appropriate, since that is what they do—drag along from station to station). They are switched ten minutes at this station, twenty minutes at that, until the "hog law" overtakes them, when it is common for another engine and crew to be sent out to get them and tow them into terminal. Why not purchase Ford tractors and put them at stations where most of the switching time is consumed? Let the agent, operator or porter run it, and have cars spotted so that all the road engine would have to do would be to cut off, pick up such cars as are to go, couple in and go on about its business. Or, alternatively, cut off a few cars, kick them in on the house track or passing track, and leave it to the station agent with his tractor to spot them where they are wanted. The French even went so far as to use horses for switching at their smaller stations, and electric winches at the larger ones. They got good results, and saved time and money.

What would result if the railroads followed these recommendations? It would mean that idle equipment would be put into service, that idle train and engine crews, track men, bridge men, clerks, agents, operators, dispatchers, shop craftsmen would go back to work. Further, it would necessitate the purchase of more material of all kinds, including fuel, oil and greases. And they could and would get back the business now going to trucks, because they would satisfy the shipping public's demand for service. Their revenue would increase, and they would provide some basis for the public belief that the railroads are the backbone of our economic structure. If the railroads ever expect to get back public confidence, they must show a disposition to help themselves, and not sit down and whine and ask for help.

So much for freight. How about passengers? First and most important, rates should be reduced, and more attention paid to the comfort of coach passengers. Counter lunch cars should be substituted for the expensive and formal diners. There is no reason why a traveler should not be offered a popular-priced menu, and no reason why he should not be offered at least a choice between an informal counter lunch-car and a diner-service standard which might easily embarrass him.

And if freight can be picked up and delivered successfully, why not passengers? Any taxi-cab company would be glad to enter into a contract with the railroads for such service. They, too, have idle equipment.

Some of these ideas will be called revolutionary, and perhaps they are, but present day conditions on our railroads warrant a trial of any logical and honest measure that promises to haul the roads out of the slough they are in.

Each of the Editors is unanimously of the opinion that the opinions of the other four Editors are usually incorrect.

Lost or Stolen: Complete Works of Miguel Unamuno. Please do not return. Ed. office The American Spectator.—Advt.

VISIONS AND REVISIONS

by LLEWELYN POWYS

THREE times in my life I have experienced odd hallucinations. They have come to me when I have been sleeping out of doors and under conditions which one would have thought especially unfavorable to fallacies of vision. One would not expect to be distracted by apparitions on the open downs with no living things abroad but rabbits and sensible, berry-eating badgers. However, on three occasions, on bright moonlight nights, I have sat up wide awake and had time, before the eidolons vanished, to say to myself, "Here and now the testimony of your senses is invalidated."

My first vision was certainly a simple and homely one and miraculous only to a man who knew the locality. I saw three hedgehogs soberly walking up a bank opposite to where I was lying. My second vision was not so reassuring. With utter clearness I watched a skeleton with its head bowed, in the attitude of a traveler facing a storm, walking with rapid strides along a ridge of ground some twenty yards away.

This was two years ago in the month of April. My third vision happened only last week. This time a faery about six inches high suddenly rose from the grass and floated away over the gorse bushes. All these quaint appearances I judge to have been unreal projections from the thistledown folly contained in my own mind—the three grave urchins betokening my indurate love for the earth; the skeleton under the moon associated with my preoccupation with death; the fay suggestive perhaps of my life-long suspicion that the solid common earth of our experience possesses an airy, dream-like shadow dimension of which we know little.

If I were a priest in a pulpit, I could, I think, preach a brave homily on these three false visual impressions. For myself, I did derive from them a kind of instruction, certain hints, as it were, that went to confirm the philosophic conclusions native to the temper of my mind. These unreliable visions seemed to emphasize the unreliable quality of life, to strengthen my belief that we have no decisive lot in the riot of the astral universe, but are merely inconsequent shadows, transitory foam wraiths that have been cast up by the restless ocean of matter.

If it were not for the singular sense of self-importance that is the predominant obsession of the human race, this very obvious deduction would have been universally acknowledged. And it will be the first step to wisdom when our minds are mature enough to accept this fact. It would be a hard matter to estimate the amount of time and energy that is every year wasted in drumming up, directly and indirectly, the importance of our God-like race, a race in reality no better than the bastard progeny of a bundle of bastard apes, scratching, sneezing, skiting, deft to play pranks with iron, and at pains to dress themselves in sheep's clothing and to talk big about God.

We would do much better if we could accept our case as it is, and give up these fine flights of fancy. As soon as ever men and women have achieved sufficient firmness of spirit, sufficient intellectual integrity to relinquish their three great illusions, the Golden Age will be approaching. Then, and only then, will individuals and nations be willing to inaugurate seriously a civilization of good sense, justice, and hedonism.

What then are the three great illusions of the human race? I will tell them off on my fingers: (*1*) God; (*2*) Immortality; (*3*) Morality. To an honest mind, these are the three incomprehensibles that have done untold mischief. An examination of any acre of ground upon the earth's surface proves conclusively that nature is under the surveillance of no sensitive, conscientious deity. A quite cursory review of human records reveals the fact that there is no evidence whatever to support a belief in life after death. A half hour's study of the science of human ethics shows that these much vaunted accredited manners vary in every clime, and in every age, and have nothing whatever to do with supernatural mandates.

If once we could get our minds clear of these primitive misjudgments, an enormous reservoir of dammed up energy, both spiritual and intellectual, would be released against the only sins that really do matter, the sin of stupidity and the sin of cruelty. At this epoch interlude, between the reign of superstition and the approaching regimen of science, many magnanimous people expend their vital resources in trying to protect, to justify, these three favored fancies, as though to abandon them would involve the loss of all that is delicate and heroic in man's life. On the contrary, if these eggshell dogmas were discarded as infantile wish-fulfillments, deriving out of a naïve past, the exact opposite would actually take place. When once our minds are riddled through and through with skepticism, when once our minds are rid of emotional prejudices, rid entirely of sanctified fear, then we shall find intolerable the gross transgressions of civilized conduct conspicuous everywhere today.

The priests and the politicians have had their opportunity and have failed. It is time for more practical measures. Nothing is of greater importance than that the rising generation should keep their minds accessible to ideas and their emotions under the vigilant subjection of their intellects.

Last night I stood watching the clouds fly by against a full moon. In a flash those driven storm racks taught me the truth. Homeless and unherded, they rushed across the night, their forlorn ghostly existence for a moment visible in that same Godless reality that was present at the earth's creation, at the creation of this strange planet where, upon swerving aggregates of unpredictable atoms, outlandish dream-shadows stalk like skeleton wayfarers.

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